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“He * Leads * Us * On”



"He Leads Us On"

By Anson D. F. Randolph

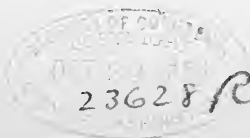
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A CROSS the discord of our lives comes lowly,
One harmony, our hearts too seldom heed;
The comfort given us by the Teacher holy:
“He knoweth ye have need.”

There is no grievous chastening but combineth
Some brightness with the gloom;
'Round every thorn in the flesh there twineth
Some wreath of softening bloom.

WE have no strength to walk, unless Thou leadest ;
Sin hides each side the straight and narrow way ;
Our hungry souls must faint, except Thou feedest ;
Help us, we plead, to live aright to-day.

Sad, aching eyes, that through the mist of sorrow,
See all things by your blindness rendered dim ;
Grief, alas, to-day, but joy shall come to-morrow ;
Look up ! and trust in Him.



WE cannot measure joys but by their loss,
When blessings fade away we see them then ;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,
Before the lily opens to the sky ;
So “ light is sown,” and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

THE sorrows that to us seem so perplexing,
Are mercies kindly sent
To guard our wayward souls from sadder vexing,
And greater ills prevent.

God's good gifts from His ever open hand
On everything around are freely thrown ;
And thinkest thou, O heart, He will withstand
Thy prayer alone ?

TO wait with calmness for the light to break
O'er yonder hills,
When night is long, and our sore hearts awake
To human ills,

Needs patience, Master, such as Thou hast shown
Us o'er and o'er :
Grant us, we pray Thee, patience like Thine own,
Still more and more.

HE leads us on. Through all the unquiet years ;
Past all our dream-land hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin and sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know His will is done. And still He leads us on.
And He, at last, After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The many struggles which have proved in vain,—
After our toils are past,—Will give us rest at last.





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